Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a falſe fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes diſhonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The ſubiects of his ſubſtitute my father,
And both againſt the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpſwarmd them.

Biſhop Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Weſtmerland,
The time miſordred doth in common ſenſe,
Crowd vs and cruſh vs to this monſtrous forme,
To hold our ſafety vp: I ſent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,
The which hath beene with ſcorne ſhoued from the court,
Whereon this Hidra, ſonne of warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eies may well be charmd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt, and right deſires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maieſtie.

Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fal downe,
We haue ſupplies to ſecond our attempt,
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhal ſecond them,
And ſo ſucceſſe of miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And heire from heire ſhall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.

Prince You are too ſhallow Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace to anſwere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.

Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome about him haue too lauiſhly,

Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt,
Vppon my ſoule they ſhal, if this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers vnto their ſeuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored loue and amitie.

Biſhop I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.

Prince Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well pleaſe them, hie thee captaine.

Biſhop To you my noble lord of Weſtmerland.

Weſt. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue beſtowed to breed this preſent peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.

Biſhop I do not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it,
Health to my Lord, and gentle coſin Mowbray.

Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſodaine ſomething ill.

Biſhop Againſt ill chaunces men are euer mery,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.

Weſt. Therefore be mery coze, ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus, ſome good thing comes to morow.

Biſhop Beleeue me I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mow. So much the worſe if your owne rule be true. *Shout.*

Prin. The word of peace is rendred, heark how they ſhout.

Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victory.

Biſhop A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt,
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party looſer.

Prince Go my lord,